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## *The Last Witch*

Lois Dulac

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## Mythcon 51: A VIRTUAL “HALFLING” MYTHCON

July 31 - August 1, 2021 (Saturday and Sunday)

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-51.htm>



## Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

Albuquerque, New Mexico; July 29 - August 1, 2022

<http://www.mythsoc.org/mythcon/mythcon-52.htm>

### Abstract

The last of the witches? Aye, her story's a living cry to be heard.

### Keywords

Mythril; Mythopoeic; Poetry; The Last Witch; Lois Dulac

# THE LAST WITCH

BY LOIS DULAC

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The last of the witches?  
Aye, her story's a living cry to be heard.  
Oh, how could  
any of us ever forget  
that anguish of ending,  
were our souls to be sold?

When the moon in defeat sank through the sky down and down,  
her laughter floated its triumph from windows barred to the town.  
The hour before day star and dawn was darkness  
and cold descending.  
Her time began with dark blue on high  
and clouds towering white.  
The doomed girl walked toward what waited in wood.  
Pale was the witch, pale to our sight,  
and, my child, how piteously fair.  
Then from somewhere floated a strange, low-lying mist,  
warm at first and as though moonlight were moist,  
that gathered past us to her feet  
and swirling, thickened the air.  
The men cried out against her as it became most like a veil.  
The children started to shriek, the women to wail.  
Yet when her long, slender hands were bound  
to the stake, we stood as if stone. We uttered no sound.  
But her mouth opened, those red lips that certes were sweet  
when kissed.  
"I am innocent," she called out. Slowly she smiled. "Set me free."  
Then the doomsmen touched the twigs with their torches three.  
From the end of the smoke writhed a shadow growing  
to cleavage of hoof, goat's shank, the splitting of tail.  
Oh, then how I amply rejoiced  
that I had told your mother to stay  
in our home. "Before the fire around her dies,  
you will give birth  
and with nursling at breast you need not witness today.  
Wife, I'll have it so. Remain and with each pang pray  
for her soul's rest." I marked how she followed me with her eyes.  
The flames leaped from the witch's small, thong bound feet,  
gnawed at her gown, rose to her thighs,  
encircled her throat and greedy, grasped at her hair.  
A curse in a voice we had never yet heard  
shivered the air  
and spurred  
through each mind.  
Slowing the fire, the mist spread and turned to almost rain.  
Hours and hours she had, if she chose, to repent in her pain.  
It was late and heated blood oozed from the sun  
when the doomsmen announced the execution surely was done.  
The stake loomed thin with its burden of shade  
across the wet grass and we were afraid.  
In the silence and shadow no bone could we find.

For years now the commons where that length fell and grew  
thrives not with green, but black edged, shriveling red.  
For in truth, the omen tells us the witch has not fled.  
Even this moment she is at once hidden and known.  
Oh, that the year has come to that day and wrenched from me a groan,  
so that you, passing by, sweet in your pause,  
begged me to disclose forthwith the cause.  
"Surely no witch casts on thee, father, a spell,"  
you said, "for is not the last witch dead?"  
You ask me her name. Who might the sorceress be?  
You conjure, alas, certain lost memories too well.  
My child, you are she.

